LENORE WHITE.

The Famous Model Writes a Piquant Article

ON THE ACTOR'S LIFE.

And Shows by Contrast the Difference in the Morals of the Men of the Stage and Pulpit—Lessons of a Good Play More Effective than Pulpit Exhortations—Interesting Points Pithily Portrayed.

Written for the SUNDAY GLOBE.

The question has been asked, "Can an actor have a good consistent character, and, if not, is it possible for him to lead a clean moral life?" The negative side of this question has been set forth by a very prominent Christian gentleman, who bases his views upon the fact that the thespian assumes so many and so much different characters that it is utterly impossible for him to have a fine individual character of his own, and lacking this, he lacks will power, and, lacking will power, the poor unguided man, like a rudderless ship, goes all to pieces on the rocks of immorality. "By these declensions," as Polonious would have said, the aforementioned Christian gentleman has writ himself down a Dogberry, or, to say the least, a very illogical reasoner. The late Philip Brooks is quoted as having expressed the same opinion, but then Mr. Brooks is dead and it is possible that his immortal part may have become more enlightened. It seems to me that the Puritan with his blunderbus and Bible is still in evidence, and if the player declines to accept the book, then he must be blown into smithereens by the slugs of those moral but very narrow-minded marksmen. Fire away, gentlemen! Your muzzled weapons are out of date and out of range, and your vision is certainly defective as to the nature of your targets.

If, because of his many characterizations, the actor cannot have a fine personal character, then are the poets, novelists, and dramatic authors badly handicapped in consideration of the same. Shakespeare, Schilley, Sheridan, Thackery, Dickens, and all the rest of the shining lights of poetry and fiction and dramatic literature must have been sadly deficient in the elements that constitute fine character and consequent morality. Even the sculptor and the painter must be included, for they, too, delineate character, and must conceive and impersonate mentally before giving it form and color. Does it not appear absurd that men of brains should employ such flimsy arguments to prove the moral delinquence of the actor? Is it not a misdirected force that might be better employed in elevating the tastes of the masses? There is no reason why the actor should not be moral, and there is no proof that he is not as truly so as the lawyer, the doctor, or even the preacher. It is true that temptations are many and he often gives way, but the same may be said of all other professional men who occupy a place in the public eye.

The glamour of romance that surrounds the man of the stage displays him in a very attractive light, and the female moth hovers around him as the proverbial insect hovers around the candle. This notable fact is the cause of much unnecessary howling about the actor's immorality, and yet the poor fellow may be innocent of any act or practice which contravenes the divine commands or the social duties. But the actor is not alone the object of this force of female adoration. All men who have reached fame, as artist, author, statesman, or orator are subjected to it, and if they will acknowledge to the truth they will admit it is the sweetest of all incense offered at their shrines.

The man who preaches your Sunday sermon and inveighs so glibly against the actor's immorality, if he is fairly eloquent and good looking, has been flattered and inspired by it, and has often given way to the sweet temptation. The percentage of clerical gentleman who have been cropped of their hair by some modern Delila is quite as large as that among the actors; but it is not necessary to publish a list of those fallen angels, as it would not be conducive to morality nor in good taste to do so.

The prominent Christian gentleman who declares that the actor cannot have a fine character, if he is deeply interested in the moral welfare of the man of the stage, should begin his work of reformation with the pulpit, and let that work of reformation be so pronounced as to reach the understanding of the masses.

The stage is the offspring of the Christian church, although a high order of Greek and Roman drama existed 500 years before the birth of the Redeemer. If, then, the stage had its inception from the church, why should the church, or at least the church men show their narrow-minded antagonism to the actor? He merely performs his alloted part, and often more conscientiously and effectively than the man who slanders him. The plays are selected by the manager and with a view of catering to the taste of his patrons; he is neither a reformer or a panderer, but simply a man of business, who cannot afford to pay salaries to a company of players to perform to empty benches; and if the selected plays happen to be of the risque order it is because the people want them, and the actor is forced to interpret them or give up his means of a livelihood.

But there is a clean cut moral in most plays, and many of them appeal more strongly to the better instincts of our nature than do the sermons of the fault-finders. It is not the province of the actor to teach morality, but rather to delineate the characters conceived by the playwright, and if such characters are clean, sweet and wholesome, he is all the better pleased; but if they are the reverse of this, his art compels him to give equal care to their delineation, and when he has done this he has fulfilled his obligation to his manager and to the people who have paid their money to see and hear him. He cannot afford to be a moral reformer upon the stage, but there is no reason why he should not be ethically correct in private life. I need not mention names in order to exemplify the numerous instances of men who are actors upon the mimic stage whose lives from a moral standpoint will compare favorably with that of the prominent Christian gentleman who has so foolishly declared that the actor cannot have a fine character.

LENORE WHITE.

MARRIED HIMSELF.

The Only Man Known to Have Performed this Matrimonial Feat—What Came of It.

Squire Ira Carle, aged 82, of Kingston, Pa., across the river from Wilkesbarre, is the only man on record to date who married himself.

It was not a successful job at that, for he has had had two cases in court since then, and is not now living with his wife.

One has had him arrested for desertion, and the facts of the case came out at a recent hearing.

The wife is about 72 years old, and she met Carle in 1893 in Wilmot, Bradford county, Pa. Each had had a previous experience in matrimony, but desired to take another chance.

The squire who was then 74 years old, wooed and won rapidly, and when it had ben arranged that they should be married he suggested that they save the expenses, as he could marry them as firmly as any preacher.

"I'm a justice of the peace," he said, "and I've maried lots of people, so I guess I know how to do the job all O. K.

The widow thought he did, too, so he got a big Bible and, according to the widow's story, opened it at a page, put his finger on a verse, took her hand in his and numbled some words.

What they were she does not know. She did not even hear them. But apparently they were the right thing, for after a moment the squire said that he and the widow were man and wife.

They came to Kingston to live, but a few months ago quarreled and the squire left his wife to look after herself. She did so and incidentally had him arrested for desertion.

Then it was discovered that the marriage was not legal, that a man cannot in this way by the law undo himself.

There was much talk and finally a settlement by means of an ordinary legal marriage.

Life was again bright for a time, but soon the shadow of a trouble was upon them again and the squire left home.

Once again the wife had him arrested for desertion, and the case is now pending.

"He's a mean old man," she declared, "up to all sorts of tricks, but he has got to support me."

And now, at 82 and 72, the law must settle their disputes.

History in Rhyme.

It is the aim of Dr. Flick and Professor Hawley, in their book "History in Rymes and Jingles," to present historical truth in a form which will make it attractive to the very young. Dr. Flick's rhymes ought to be entertaining for the youngsters; they certainly for are the mature.

WHEN DEWEY CAME SAILING HOME.

This is the arch the people built
When Dewey came sailing home.
This is the crowd that tramped the street
And followed the bands that played so sweet
Beneath the arch the people built
When Dewey came sailing home.
This is the hero, gray and bold,
Who sailed for home from countries old,
To greet the crowd that tramped the street
And followed the bands that played so sweet
Beneath the arch the people built
When Dewey came sailing home.

Two more stanzas, beginning "This is the wife" and "This is the house" might have ben written, but it would do the children no good to read them.

Shorter, more spirited and quite as faithful to the truths of his history is this:

CAESAR.

Caesar was a man of Rome,
Who longer to rule the nation,
He formed a league, and fought the world;
In short he licked creation.

A stanza from "Antony and Cleopatra" on the same page must be quoted. The lines are addressed to Antony:

Cleopatra's beautiful
That everybody knows;
But you are a soldier brave
And should fight your foes.

An extra from "William Tell" is as follows:

The wicked lord
Then drew his sword
And called for Tell's small boy;
"From off his head
You shoot," he said,
"This apple red,
Or both are dead,"
And then looked on with joy.

The father shot
And hit the spot
And saved his young son's life;
Another dart
He took apart
And shot the heart
Of that upstart
And ended thus the strife.

Mr. Hawley's illustrations are quite as spirited and humorous as Dr. Flick's verses. Some are line drawing and some in half tone. They show a dramatic feeling, as in "King Alfred and the Cakes," for instance, which would make the book worth while for the sake of the pictures alone.

The Green Bag tells of a lawyer who was about to furnish a bill of costs. "I hope," said the client, who was a banker, "that you will make it light as possible." "Ay," said the lawyer, "you might perhaps say that to the foreman of your establishment, but that is not the way I make my bread."

VISITS THE BOERS.

An American's Description of the Boer Prisoners.

RESIDENT IN BERMUDA.

Who Some of the Prisoners Are and What They Endure—An English Officer's Ignorance Illustrated and Shown to be Much Denser than the Ignorant Boers—An Urgent Appeal for Clothes, Etc.

In our visit to the Boer laager on Darnells Island, which at the time was the largest of them all, the first thing to attract our attention and to keep it was the great proportion of boys on all sides. The English officer accompanying us informed us, in an apologetic way, even before we asked him, that these boys were taken with their fathers in the trenches and had been substantially taking the places of men in the battles. They would carry shot and shell, he said. They would act as water carriers. They would creep to the tops of kopjes and bring back information of the whereabouts of the foe, etc. But from the Boers we afterward heard that out of a certain gathering of twenty-four such boys on the islands who were specifically questioned on the point, only six or seven had their fathers with them, and not all of those six or seven had even taken any part at all in the war.

Little Peter Cronje, for instance, the youngest of them all (he was only eight when captured), says his father was away from home when he was taken. His mother had just gone to another farm. Then the Britishers came along and took him away with an older brother of sixteen. Mother and children were thus ruthlessly snatched from ecah other's arms and the most sacred home ties completely ignored.

John Viljoen is only nine years old. The occasion of his capture he tells as follows: The Kaffir servants had left the farm. His father was away to the war. He was out on the veldt tending the sheep. The khakis (British) came along and took him as well as the sheep.

Another boy tells of his capture in the following way: He was on his way with his father to the store to buy provisions for the Sabbath. The khakis came along, took their horse and wagon, himself and his father, and now they are transported and held as prisoners of war in Bermuda.

An old Irishman says a Kaffir came out to his store one day with a message form the British commander requesting him to report at once to headquarters. He went and reported. He was detained for two or three days. He then began to inquire as to the cause of the detention. "It is because you did not report in the time-limit heretofore published," he was informed. And so he is now a prisoner of war in Bermuda.

The next thing to attract our attention in the laager after the boys was the number of old men in it. One of these, a Mr. Senekel, is seventy-eight years old. Quite a number range between sixty-five and seventy-five.

The Boers in Bermuda have so far been unusually healthy—more so, indeed, than their guards. Only eight had died out of the two thousand from the time of the first shipment left Cape Town, May 29, up to the arrival of the Montrose on September 13. But out of the nine hundred and thirty-two men brought to Bermuda in the Montrose, twenty-four died during the passage over. The British say that this was because they brought diseased constitutions with them; it was not because of the unsanitary condition of the ship. The Boers say, "Yes! The ship was sanitary enough, and we did bring diseased constitutions with us. But how did it happen that our health was thus broken down when we boarded the ship? Not in the way you would have the world infer, but in the contrary way. We were strong and lusty enough when we were captured. We were strong and lusty still when we began the journey from the Transvaal to Durban. But you loaded us like hogs into open cattle trucks. It was the severest weather of midwinter. We were packed together like sheep under such conditions, for three or four days and nights. We had no sort of covering to keep out the frost or to protect us from the keen winter blasts. We could not lie down. We could not sleep. Is it a wonder, then, that as soon as we reached the coast and breathed the damp sea air many of us took to horrible coughing and succumbed at last to fatal lung affections?"

Among the notable prisoners of war now in Bermuda are ex-President Reitz's son, Bruin, and several other of President Steyn's staff, a brother and brother-in-law of President Steyn, two theological students and a barrister. The name of J. Smuts appears on the list. But whether he is any relation to the Smuts who was so prominent among the Transvaal young men who forced Mr. Kruger to go to war, we were not able to ascertain. From a letter he wrote to a friend of ours it is evident that he is by no means an ordinary English scholar.

The Boers in Bermuda are devoted to music and very religious. They have regular singing classes and a strong choir for Sabbath services. There is a school on each of the islands where some of the old men as well as the boys attend regularly. There are over a hundred boys.

Of the whole number of Boer prisoners (about eight thousand at this date in all), thirty-eight are Cape rebels, between sixty and seventy are Germans, quite a number of Scandinavians, at least six are French and three Americans. We heard of one Irishman and one Scotchman, but of no Englishman, although we understand there have been such on the Boer side. The proportion of Transvaalers and Free State men we were unable to ascertain. We were told by a young English officer soon after our arrival in Bermuda that the Boers were under the impression that England had been invaded by the Chinese and Queen Victoria taken captive to Peking. This was to show how thoroughly ignorant they are. But all subsequent inquiry showed that, while it was barely possible that one or two might have had such an impression, it is worth no more as a criterion for judging the real intelligence of the Boers than the following first-hand story is for judging the English: The writer was making a call on one of the highest military officials in the islands. He told him he was originally from Philadelphia. "I must confess," the officer rejoined, "I do not know where Philadelphia is with reference to New York."

If what we learn from the Boers in Bermuda represents at all the thought and feeling of the rest of their people, they are not at all discouraged at the outlook in South Africa. They say their supplies are inexhaustible. And they evidently know what they are talking about. They say that so long as England imports munitions of war they will have all they need, for all they have to do is to go and take from them. Their food, on the other hand, comes from their brethern back in the mountains where the British have not yet penetrated. And if the British have the towns and the railroads, they have the country and will keep it till the British are tired of holding the towns and are ready to withdraw from them and make the only kind of peace the Boer will accept—a free country under complete self-government.

CAPTAIN CULVER'S TALK

Reminds Our Blue Stocking of a Funny Remark.

At the informal Saturday evening reception held at Mrs. Colby's hospitable home during the winter months ons is almost sure to be treated to some novel entertainment. Last Saturday was no exception to this rule, although the star attraction was exceptionally fine. I refer to the very interesting talk given by Captain Culver, of the Thirty-second regiment, U. S. Volunteer Infantry, on conditions in the Philippines. The Captain has but recently returned from the land of the insurrectos and while it was his main business when there to annihilate them, he has evidently spent no small portion of his time in an analytical study of the people and customs of this far away country. One incident he related especially is worthy of repetition, as showing the real opinion the Filipinos have of the methods Americans mean to adopt when once they succeed in fully establishing their title to this land and its people. An insurrecto desired to surrender to the Americans and was willing to take the oath of allegiance. He had been made thus willing by the importunities of his little daughter, who was a pupil in one of the schools established recently in the Philippines by our Government. The child was but eight years old and had become so thoroughly convinced of the kindness of the Americano and his desire really to help his newly found brothers in the East and to aid her own people instead of trying to wilfully hurt them that she went into the mountains in search of her father to tell him the good news. For three days she wandered in the wilderness until finally she met her father and induced him to return with her to the camp of the American soldiers and talk to "El Capitan." Reluctantly he came and in order to conceal from his comrades the object of his visit, he had wrapped his gun in a bundle of hay. Timidly, once in the presence of Captain Culver, the insurrecto stated the purpose of his visit—he wanted to surrender. The Captain carefully explained the meaning of the oath of allegiance and also that those who desired to lay down their guns were not compelled to take this oath, although it was better to do so..

However, the man declared he understood what it meant and wanted to take the oath of allegiance to the United States Government; so it was forthwith administered. At the close of the simple but impressive ceremony—during which time the little girl held her father's hand and looked steadily into his face as if to encourage him—the Filipino turned to Captain Culver and said: "Now what is my punishment." Thinking to test his idea of the character of Americans, the Captain replied: "Well, don't you think you deserve punishment for fighting against your best friends?" The man said yes, he supposed so, and was ready to take the punishment, but hoped it wouldn't be very hard."

This reminds me of a funny remark made by a visitor to the Midway at the Pan-American Exposition. One enterprising show employed a man to dress up as an old farmer who had come to see the big fair, and the curious antics of this "Reuben" would attract the attention of the crowd, whereupon the erstwhile harmless tiller of the soil would be at once transformed into the most enterprising advertising agent, who proceeded to shuffle the crowd inside the door of the show. Some one who had been watching this man said, "Look at that fellow. He gets $5 a day for making a fool of himself." The supposed farmer was evidently a wi and had heard this remark—for he stopped long enough to reply: "Well, I know some folks, not a thousand miles away, that makes a fool of himself and don't get 5 cents a day for doing it, neither." And the crowd laughed heartily at the expense of the first speaker, while he simply wilted out of sight.

ROSALIE GOULDING.

In Denmark many odd little stories are told of King Christian and his kindly ways, above all of the friendly interest he takes in the doings of his subjects. Whenever any Dane makes his mark in the world, no matter what his station in life may be or what his view, the king always sends for him at the first opportunity that he may know what he is like and have a talk with him. He often stops during walks along the streets of Copenhagen and chats with any workman he chances to encounter.

GORDON ELLIOTT

Writes Interestingly of a Communistic Community

WHICH RECENTLY BUSTED.

Its Members Cannot Make Individual Livings and Want to Re-Organize Their Former Society and Live a Communial Existence—Peculiar Customs of the Icarian Colony—How They Live and Worked.

Members of the Icaria colony Iowa, a cummunistic settlement which disbanded some three years ago, are wishing they were again bound hand and foot in the association scheme, and are alredy planning for the re-organization of the colony.

E. F. Bettanier, the former head of the society, declares that the members have found that they are unfit for individual work and that many of them have ben unable to earn a living since the society dissolved. At one time the Iowa Icarian settlement, which is situated a short distance south of Corning in Adams county, had a membership of over 500. At the time of its dissolution the ranks had been reduced to thirty distinguished people. Mr. Bettanier was appointed by Judge Towner receiver for the organization and the affairs were closed up the same as those of any other corporation or partnership.

One of the reasons for dissolution was that the people that surrounded the settlement looked with ill favor upon the members, until at last the latter were converted to the belief that a life of liberty which included the right to own and keep all one earned was far preferable to the socialistic school in which they had taught. Three years of experience alone has convinced many of the Icarians that it would have been better for them had they preserved their society intact.

The Icarians are French. Across the writer Etienne Cabet fifty years ago stirred France with his socialistic ideas. The government was unfriendly to his scheme and he came to America where he proceeded to carry out in practice what he had conducted in theory in France. He came to New Orleans, but yellow fever decimated his followers and the scattered band fled northward up the river. At St. Louis he learned that the Mormons had been driven from their stronghold in Nauvoo, Ill., and forced westward across the plains. He determined to occupy the deserted village, and, in May, 1850, established what he was pleased to term "Icaria," probably founded upon More's "Utopia," published something over three centuries before.

After the first dream of success had worn off Cabet began to plan to lead his followers over into Iowa, for he feared an uprising like that which had banished Mormon faith west of the Mississipppi forever. Before his cherished hope had come true he died.

Previous to his last illness he had assumed such arrogance in the government of the city that he clashed openly with the non-Icarian residents and the exodus soon became a necessity. Cabet himself died in St. Louis, where he went in search of safety. Upon his death those who were still strong in the faith moved westward across Iowa until they came to Corning. Fewer than sixty persons made up this new colony. At the time of the dissolution the company had nearly 2,000 acres in its own right. A saw mill, a grist mill, a school and several small stores and shops were owned by the colony.

Iowa, however, boasts of one real communistic settlement which is in a flourishing condition. It is Amana society, located on the Rock Island railroad, half way between Des Moines and Davenport. The people are German. The colony is thrifty and well-to-do and the members are apparently satisfied.

The name "Amana" means "remain true." There are seven villages in the colony. There are more than a thousand members and the society owns nearly 25,000 acres of good, tillable land. Unlike the Icarians, the Amanites have no time for dreams. They have no drones and the place presents the appearance of a hive of busy bees. The management consists of thirten trustees who are elected each year. The president, vice-president, secrtary and treasurer are elected annually from the trustees out of their own number.

Each village has a store, a saw mill, a flour mill, print mill, wooeln mill, stores, shops, etc. The products of the Amana looms are well known in Iowa and the goods always command a good figure wherever placed on the market. A canal had ben dug from the Iowa river and artificial lake constructed in the streets of Amana. The lakes and the mill race are kept clean by the use of dredging machines. The town has every appearance of being a small sized Venice.

The Amanites left Germany in 1844, coming from Hassen. They are a religious sect and sought freedom, as did many of the other settlers of America. The first located near Buffalo, N. Y., but eleven years later, at almost the same time the Icarians enterd the state, they came to Iowa.

The society is governed by religious rules. In order to join the community, no matter in what industry employed, get $15 per month for their hire together with board at the community table. This salary is paid summer and winter.

There is no levity at the table, no laughter at the time of eating. There is no handshaking before or after church. The colonists walk in solemnly and take their places. When the services is concluded they depart in the same manner. A queer custom prevails as to marriage. When a young man asks a young woman to become his wife and she accepts, the two are then separated and see or hear nothing of each other for a year. At that time if they are of the same mind the ceremony may be performed.